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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

SPOILS IN THE ARMY BILL.

Human nature is so constituted that men would generally rather do right than wrong. They do not persist in doing evil and unpopular things for the mere love of mischief. When, therefore, we find Representatives in Congress pushing such a measure as the Hull Army bill after its nature has been thoroughly exposed, there is no occasion to waste time in wondering at their unaccountable perversity. All we have to do is to find out what there is in it.

To make that discovery we do not have to go very far.

The bill provides for 970 new officers of the line. As it does not enlarge the Military Academy or make any other provision for confining the new appointments to trained men, all these positions will be the spoils of politicians.

It provides for 633 new staff officers. In the Judge Advocate-General's, Subsistence and Pay Departments and the Signal Corps appointments from the volunteer service or from civil life may be made to the grade of major, and in the Quartermaster's Department to the grade of captain.

In view of the fact that every officer is entitled to be retired at the age of sixty-four on three-quarters pay, the bill as originally drawn provided that no outsider should be appointed to the grade of captain after reaching the age of thirty, or to that of major after reaching that of thirty-five. Mr. Hull's committee subsequently extended this limit in all cases to fifty, and added the qualification that it should not apply at all to persons who had served in the civil war or in the late war with Spain.

Under this arrangement any Congressman or any friend or retainer of a Congressman who wore a uniform for a week in war, whether at the front or at a desk in Washington, may be appointed a major at sixty-three, jumping over the heads of men who have devoted their lives to military work, and immediately after be retired on a salary of \$1,875 a year for life, with nothing to do.

Is there not enough in all this to explain why the Hull bill should have a certain amount of strength in Congress? It is deliberately framed to buy off opposition by holding out the prospect of official plums for persons with political plums.

If it had been meant to stand on its merits it would have required these soft staff positions to be filled by the promotion of deserving officers of the line, instead of throwing them open to incompetent and superannuated civilians; it would have made provision for the efficient training of all the officers needed, and it would have limited any unavoidable appointments from civil life to the lowest grades.

Mr. Hull has pleased the politicians, but what about the people?

He proposes to saddle the nation with an army twice as large as it needs, badly organized, inefficiently officered, and with no provision for reserves available in time of war. For this force he asks us to pay the cost of the army of one of the great military powers of Europe.

We shall not do it. The American people are still in possession of their senses; if some statesmen are not.

TAX CORPORATE FRANCHISES.

Senator Ford's bill to restore to the schedule of taxable property all franchises of railroad and similar corporations proposes a fair readjustment of the tax burden. Before 1891 corporations paid a franchise tax, but a change in the law has given them immunity since that time, the courts having held that franchises could not be taxed either as personal property or as real estate.

Senator Ford's amendment will make "real property" include franchises, which are the most valuable assets of the railroads and other corporations affected. If this just bill becomes a law hundreds of millions of dollars will be added to the list of taxable property, and the revenues from this source will cause a material reduction in the tax rate.

There is pressing need for a more equitable distribution of the tax levy, and in this case the relief will come from corporations that can afford to give some substantial returns for the valuable favors this municipality has bestowed upon them.

HANDWRITING AND CRIME.

The solution of the now famous Adams poisoning case seems to hang upon the identification of a few lines of handwriting, penned, of course, with an effort to disguise the writer's natural hand. This is a phase of detective work that is purely modern.

In the last ten years there have been many criminal cases, particularly in the line of forgery, where the only tangible evidence of guilt or innocence of a suspect lay in a specimen of handwriting.

To a certain extent this study of chirography has become an exact science. Such studies has it made in recent years that it would not be unfair to predict for it in the near future the accuracy of chemistry. Men who have devoted careful study to the subject have found that a human being's handwriting is as much a part of that being's personality as his nose—and less changeable.

It is almost a physical impossibility for a man to write, let us say, one hundred words, without betraying his individuality in penmanship. True, there may be no apparent resemblance, and to the naked eye the disguise may be perfect, but when the letters are magnified a thousand times, and thrown on a screen until they seem to have been written with a heavy pole, the chirographic peculiarities of the writer are manifest.

TRUSTS IN CUBA LIBRE.

A deal to control Cuba's output of tobacco is under way. It may take \$40,000,000 to do it, but it is said that a New York syndicate stands ready to advance the money.

Another American syndicate has consolidated the street railways of Havana. And still other schemes are in progress for organizing into trusts every business in the island that can be made profitable.

And why not? Didn't we whip Spain that Cuba might be free, and are not our trusts entitled to the usufruct of her freedom? Don't trusts flourish un molested throughout this glorious Union? Of course they do. Then why should we not bestow our precious privileges upon the Cubans?

It is a virgin field, and as the Spaniards could not steal the soil or the climate, we shall proceed to capitalize them and begin the pleasant business of declaring dividends.

SOME WONDERFUL FIGURES.

That the best evening paper in New York should have the largest circulation is only natural, and therefore the deluge of letters explaining why the Evening Journal is the best is logically followed by proof that it is the most widely circulated. But the extent of its lead over all others is a revelation, even to those that have had best reason to appreciate it.

By the affidavits of newsdealers, speaking from personal knowledge, it is established that the Evening Journal is so far ahead of all its evening contemporaries in popularity that it really cannot be said to have any competitors. In Newark its circulation, by its sworn testimony, is one thousand copies more per day than that of the Evening World. In Paterson it is one and a half times as great as the Evening World's circulation, in Hartford four times, in New Haven five, in Meriden eight, in Boston eight and two elevenths, in Providence eleven, in Philadelphia twenty, and in Worcester no less than twenty-four.

These figures are equally creditable to the Evening Journal and to the public. They show that the great majority of newspaper readers have good taste and know a good paper when they see it.

TREASON AT HOME.

Representative Dilliver, of Iowa, places the responsibility for any trouble that may arise with the Philippines where it belongs. In a recent speech in the House he said:

"If it is necessary to use force in the Philippines it will be due to the almost treasonable utterances in this chamber, inviting a barbarous nation to oppose the Government of the United States."

The attempt to defeat the treaty has been the only encouragement Aguinaldo has received. His defiance has grown in proportion to the progress made by Senators Hoar, Hale and their followers against confirming the work of the Paris Commission.

Without this treasonable assistance there would have been no revolt in the Philippines, and the critical situation we are now forced to face would not have existed.

Senator Hoar, Grover Cleveland, Bourke Cockran and Andrew Carnegie should get together and pass a vote of thanks to Chairman Hull, of the House Military Committee. With his monstrous Army bill he is doing more than all of them combined to make expansion unpopular.

A KNIGHT OF THE FIRE ROOM.

Dexter Wainwright—his name shall be first and last in this brief chronicle—is a fireman of the second class on board the cruiser New York. With seven companions he was at work in the interior of one of the ship's big boilers yesterday, when some unknown person tampering with the connecting cocks opened a valve which admitted steam into the boiler. In a moment the workmen were enveloped in a cloud of scalding vapor.

They made their way to a ladder, which led to a small manhole above, and scrambled out. Wainwright was slightly scalded, but emerged in safety. Five of his companions followed him. Two were missing. Thereupon Wainwright descended into the blinding pit again, found the two men, who had fallen unconscious, and brought them out. Then, scalded from head to foot, he fell to the deck, dying.

It is a simple narrative of a day's work. It appears in the newspapers at no great length amid accounts of gigantic financial corporations that are forming, criminals who are at liberty, and rich and happy people who are enjoying the fruits of life. In a few hours Wainwright will probably die and the world will spin merrily around and not stop to grieve for him.

Had he fallen in battle the nation would have heard of it and mourned for him. But his lot in life was humble, and in the tumult of life's affairs his death will pass unnoticed—perhaps, save for some brief press notice, unknown.

Yet if there be merit in monuments, if in marble shafts there lies a useful reminder to future generations of an act of courage, of complete self-abnegation that shone for the moment as a bright meteor flashes through the sky, then surely the world would be wise to erect one to the memory of Dexter Wainwright.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THIS IS A GREAT DAY at Washington. Senator Platt is to make a speech. Mr. Platt has usually preferred to let his deeds speak for him, but perhaps he realizes the necessity of saying something while he can make himself heard. The Chauncey trombone is tuning up.

THE POPE has told the Roman nobles that they must mend their morals. If the aristocracy is to have no privileges, what is the use of being an aristocrat?

THE PROCEEDINGS in the Egan trial yesterday furnished material for an addition to the indictment. Under Charge 1, "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," should be put: "Specification 2—In that the said Brigadier-General Charles P. Egan did deliberately dictate the indecent expression, herein specified, to a defenseless lady, by him employed as stenographer."

ASSEMBLYMAN HENRY'S BILL to allow cities of the first class to build and maintain hospitals, outside of their corporate limits, for the treatment of consumption, should become a law. Thousands of sufferers from this terrible disease might be cured if given proper attention. The establishment of such a hospital would be a boon to the poor, who are denied the care and nourishment so necessary in cases of this kind. The sequestration of consumptives would also prevent the spread of this affliction, which is now acknowledged to be contagious.

Honored by Troy Printers.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 24. Labor Editor Evening Journal: At last week's regular meeting of Typographical Union No. 52 William R. Hearst was made an honorary member by unanimous rising vote. The resolution was proposed by John W. Byrnes, ex-delegate to the International Typographical Union, and at present foreman of Eisk's Job printing house, Troy.

Mr. Byrnes cited the fact that recently Mr. Hearst's name was placed upon the honor roll of San Francisco Typographical Union, and then said, in part:

"In moving to make William R. Hearst an honorary member of this union I do so because I believe it will be done with a unanimous vote."

"Mr. Hearst by his actions as an employer of printers has won not only the friendship of our brothers in San Francisco, but of every member of the International Union. He has always refused to enter into any combination of employing printers which has not had for its object the improvement of the condition of journeymen as well as employers, and he crowned this fair policy when he lately sent from New York to his business manager in San Francisco the injunction to stay away from a meeting of employing printers there called for the purpose of formulating a lower scale of wages."

"Gentlemen, in honoring a man like Mr. Hearst we honor American manhood." J. M.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER.

YE SLEEPY NEWPORTE TOWNE TO AWAKEN.

EVERY fine day this week Miss Fair and Mrs. Belmont have been driving down the Avenue, making purchases, no doubt, as they stop at a great many shops.

The new house at Newport has to be furnished and the ironstone made ready, and all this must be done within sixty days. I knew all along that the wedding would take place this Spring, and very early, at that. Engagements which are announced so quickly.

The house at Newport is in the hands of workmen, and the taking of the Train villa by the Oelrichses presages an early and a long season at this resort.

And the wedding will take place in the beautiful Hermann Oelrichs ballroom, and as Mrs. Oelrichs is popular with all the different warring factions of society, on that day there will be gathered under one roof the disturbing elements, and I hope that the Vanderbilts will take occasion to make up and be friends.

A house wedding is quite different from even a wedding, and it is such a homelike affair that a discordant note would spoil everything. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and the Cornelius Vanderbilts and the Sloanes will be present, although Mrs. Cornelius will still cling to her mourning.

Perhaps this affair will bring about the long desired peace, and we may see Gallatin and Gerry, Vanderbilts and Wilsons gathering together in a sort of social millennium, and even the Sloanes may possibly bridge over their difficulties.

I would like to see it. I am sure, and so

would everybody else. So that the new Mrs. Vanderbilt has quite a mission to perform.

THERE will be a hotel at Newport after all. The Ocean House, of course, will not be rebuilt. But out at the New Cliffs, where the Stevens Museum is, there will be built a large addition and a ballroom.

I refer to the Stevens Museum because the proprietor invested much in the auction sale of the late Mrs. Stevens's possessions, and he has one room in which these treasures are exhibited.

Among these I did not see the hair brushes and other little toilet accessories of Auntie Stevens, but a favorite old easy chair was there in all its glory. This chair, I believe, used to be placed in Mrs. Stevens's boudoir.

FOR the present, after their marriage, the young couple will not be conspicuous in society. But the Fair girls were born to be leaders.

I have always liked them for their independence.

I remember when Mrs. Oelrichs gave her first ball at Newport, a certain unmarried woman, who in those days carried society along with her with a high hand, on account of her father's position, thought she would like to go to the ball.

She had not been very civil in previous times, but when she saw how eagerly people were to

get asked, she sent, so the legend runs, Mrs. De Forest on that mission.

But Mrs. Oelrichs was firm. She was absolutely independent. She asked no one for whom she did not care, or who had not been civil to her, so this one person did not go to the ball.

And yet there were many old friends, and not one of them was forgotten.

It was all so strange to New York, this frank manner and this spirit, in which there was not the shadow of snobbishness.

And to-day Mrs. Oelrichs's position in the social world is very much above that of this splinter, who seems to have lost prestige, and to be now not even a leader in the "upper middle class."

LETTER—amusements are being arranged, and cards will be the chief diversion. Poker parties will be among these, and one usually loses or wins enough money in

to qualify his going on the

Stock Exchange.

Already we are in training for these matches, and whilst and seven hand euchre affairs are raining down upon us.

Prizes, however, are not so desirable as cash, and the prize custom reminds one too much of the suburbs, with its progressive euchre and all that.

It seems strange that we have to go back to suburban amusements, wonder why the old English custom is not adopted and card rooms arranged at balls for all the dowagers and elderly persons who want to play?

As the dances are to-day, you go in, say a word to your hostess, and go to supper and get out. It is nothing more nor less than a big restaurant.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

NO "AMBITION" IN "CONGRESS." A PLAYWRIGHT'S PLEA PROTESTING AGAINST PLAGIARISM.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

having unwrapped it. I believe him absolutely. Now, as to the alleged resemblance between "Ambition" and Maxwell's alleged play.

When the attorneys both for Goodwin and Maxwell came to New York to take my testimony before a United States Commissioner, I was given the original copy of the court proceedings, which contained a copy of Maxwell's alleged play and of "Ambition." In order that I might testify as to their similarity, I found Maxwell's alleged play an incoherent jumble of feeble dialogue, chopped into three acts, containing no sustained interest, no comedy worthy the name, no climaxes of value, no characterizations of novel or even tolerable quality—obviously the labored effort of one ignorant of even common rules of stagecraft—a manuscript which I would unhesitatingly pronounce unsuitable for stage production, and containing not a single idea which even a novice would consider as a possible basis for a play.

There were four resemblances, as I testified to in my examination—both plays were in three acts, both were typewritten, both were laid in Washington and contained well-known Washington characters and in each one of the characters makes a comical point on the heat. Beyond these remarkable points of resemblance both plays differed as widely as Nathan Hale and Sam Jack's latest. I have never seen one of Sam Jack's artistic productions, but I am confident that I am using a good simile.

In his second act I remember Mr. Maxwell's play is forbidden his sweetheart's house by her father on the logical ground that as he had just refused a bribe of some thousands of dollars for his vote, he was an imbecile in business and hence unworthy the lady. Following this tragic scene the hero is compelled by Mr. Maxwell to stand upon the stage twenty minutes and "read" the low comedian's who has just entered. The low comedian's scene is entirely foreign to the hero's dilemma, by the way.

Also in the second act, a minor character, who did nothing much during the first act but fill up the stage, delivered a speech on capital and labor to three characters. This speech filled several closely printed pages with rambling sentences, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing, and contained nothing which a trained writer would not have expressed in three lines. After this remarkable burst of eloquence this orator disappeared.

THE ACTOR-MAKING MACHINE.

THE actor-making machine revolved yesterday at the Madison Square Theatre, and Adeline Stanhope-Wheatcroft turned the crank. The house was so crowded that each aspirant for stage honors must have had at least half a dozen mothers to say nothing of a neat assortment of elder sisters and splinter aunts. The relatives were packed in layers as high as the gallery. They even bubbled over into the seats reserved for the blessedly fortunate press, and demolished all the programmes long before the curtain rose. Such anxiety to see the dear ones wrestling with the uncertainties of the stage would be really remarkable in this enlightened age if it were not for that precocious little quality called vanity, which the theatre fosters.

The afternoon was divided into three one-act plays and a parcel of scenes from Shakespeare. Of the former I can speak. Of the latter I shall say nothing, because I thought I should be doing Mrs. Wheatcroft a kindness by not listening to the Shakespeare lessons. It is nice to be kind occasionally, and there is such a thing as the kindness of omission as well as that of commission. So to the would-be Romeos and Juliets and Beatrices and Hamlets I merely remark: "Go ahead, my dears, and if you want me to come and see you when you have left school, I'll come." After all, what is the use of watching a Juliet in the process of construction? I like my poison scenes well cooked, and Juliet on the balcony of an afternoon seems rather unkind.

"At Sundown," a little play by George Totten Smith, enlisted the services of actor people. It proved to be one of those conventionally dramatic incidents which gamboling for a life is the lead theme. The life in this case was that of Tom Wardsworth, a Columbia boy, who went heroically to death at the hands of the Indians, instead of allowing his chum to meet that fate. A young man named Henry Stokes played the part in a creditable but not impressive manner. The inference was that he valued his life very little. It sounds unkind—but I imagine that the audience valued it even less. The other roles were "interpreted" by Charles Silk—very narrow for the price—Val Vogel, Malcolm Duncan, Suzette d'Neffe (who was lost in admiration of the name), Mabel Silder and Theodora Hollander. Mr. Silk wore the whiskers of five-and-fifty with the manner of two-and-twenty, which is a way these pupils invariably have. Stone walls do not a prison make, and gray whiskers on the amateur stage do not suggest old men.

In the second play, "Sunshine," by Carrie B. Schuellerman, half a dozen dainty girls took picturesque part. It was a rosy, romantic little thing, all roses and sylvan bowers, and the pupils had lovely poetic lines to utter, to which nobody listened but their respective mammas. There was Queen Valerie, of Castle Fair, who was enjoying a rose festival, and who finally accepted the offering of the only man in the case, a soldier in the Queen's service. Miss Irene Melton was the Queen, with uplifted chin—which tradition says every queen must own—and a pleasant, sing-song manner of speaking. Some of the maidens were very charming, and did good Mrs. Wheatcroft much credit. Miss Kate Unger was particularly commendable, and Miss Blanche Collier displayed a pretty voice and a prettier face. All the girls, clad in airy-fairy gowns, danced around the Queen, and threw paper flowers at her, and there was quite a commotion among the fond mothers at the spectacle. One of the ladies Mrs. Wheatcroft even taught how to wear tights! Miss Cecile Murray, page to Her Majesty, appeared in a dress of Caineque impoverishment, and was as easy as though she had never worn any other. When one thinks of the number of accomplished actresses who have written articles on "My first experience in tights," to the tune of acute psychological sensations, Miss Murray may be said to be a marvel.

It was in the third play, "Shadow," that the most "promising" actress appeared. Her name was Bertha E. Franklin, and she played a small part, in which the emotions of a five-act drama were crowded into ten minutes, with excellent results. Here is a young woman who may make Mrs. Wheatcroft's name potent, for in her work I saw powers of repression and expression that were undeniable. Crude at times was Miss Franklin, and a trifle uncertain of herself, but she was the only girl on the programme who made me forget that I was watching a collection of young persons anxious to learn how to act. Little Miss Agnes Lawren, in this gloomy little drama, also did some good work as one of those wretched children who die, and see angels before they are finally extinguished.

Dewey is a bigger man than I am.—Washington Star.

Two of a Kind. "Your Honor," said the attorney who was making a plea for the man who had been convicted of stealing a hand. "I beg that the Court will be lenient with this poor fellow. He stole, not because he had a thievish disposition, but because he was hungry. It was necessary for him to have food, and necessity, Your Honor, knows no law."

"The Court is aware of the fact," His Honor replied, "and that's where necessity and counsel for the defence are very much alike. The prisoner will have to take the limit."—Chicago News.

A Justifiable Apprehension. "It isn't that I want the Philippines," said the German Emperor.

"Why are you so anxious to interfere, then?" asked the confidential adviser.

"It's a matter of professional pride. I'm afraid some of these people will get to thinking that

ALAN DALE ON THE WHEATCROFT MATINEE.

guished. Among the men in this place was Mr. Gaius Booth, who has a good deal of that power which we call making a noise. Two character parts were rather agreeably played by Lefroy Lough and Williston H. Hayes.

Mrs. Wheatcroft appeared and said a few words so charmingly that it was easy to see that her pupils had a good model, which none of them have as yet been able to copy.

These pupils' matinees are rather saddening for all except the immediate relatives. There are so many actors and actresses in this world that it seems cruel to turn loose a crowd of intelligent young men and women upon a surfeited public. In the eyes of the mammas I feel sure that every girl is a Bernhardt and every young man an Irving, but maternal eyes are proverbially prejudiced, and the eyes of the critic are so very different. In fact, the duties of the critic on these occasions are not at all clear. I really don't know what I am supposed to say about these matinees. If I have the interests of the drama at heart I presume that I ought to be very heavy and melancholy about them. And if I haven't those interests at heart I should declare that these afternoons are simply delightful, and like Oliver Twist, ask for a second serving.

Perhaps the simplest way to regard them is the best. Here is a batch of boys and girls who want to act. Here is the talented lady to whom they apply—herself an actress of experience—willing to teach them all the tricks she knows. Behold the batch of boys and girls, displayed before an audience of mammas and aunts, and note their efforts to say their lessons nicely. They have learned how to express emotion, how to sit down spectacularly, how to utter poetic speeches poetically, how to stroke their foreheads when grieved and how to laugh as though they were amused. And professional critics have been invited to watch them and have accepted the invitation. And right here I may as well say that I have seen men and women of the professional stage with less mass and less ability. But when you come to think of it, it is really not much more amusing watching actors and actresses made than it would be to see scenery painted, or costumes cut out, or plays constructed, or criticisms written. I wonder what Mrs. Wheatcroft's pupils would have said if they had been invited to see me learning how to write!

ALAN DALE.

A Mistaken Word. "Mister," said the man with frizzy whiskers, "I've joined the crowd uninvited, but you were talking so loud I couldn't help being interested. I want to understand thoroughly and be fair and unprejudiced. You have said, in one former or other, no less than seventeen times, that we don't want imperialism. Would you mind answering one question?"

"Certainly not."

"Who says we do want it?"—Washington Star.

Maldenly Consent. "May I not press a kiss upon those rosebud lips?" he asked, trembling.

She looked shyly down.

"Oh, you might tear off a few," she faltered, with demure reserve.

For while he had sunk no collars at Santiago, he had partaken of unmailed beef at Chickamauga, to say nothing of wearing his whiskers like Hobson's.—Detroit Journal.